SEVEN Portugueſe Letters; BEING A SECOND PART TO THE Five Love-Letters, FROM A NUN TO A CAVALIER

One of the moſt Paſſionate Pieces, that, poſſibly, ever has been Extant.

Nil dulcius eſt ſtoc amare aut amari, præter hoc ipſum amare & amari.

Non ſatis amat, qui non, pluſculum quàm poſſit, amore ſungitur.

Amoris Effigies, *p* 6. & 96.

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BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA

Advertiſement.

THE *Tranſlation of the Five* Portugueſe Love-Letters *did give ſo great a ſatisfaction to the Publick, that it was an extreme Invitation to a Perſon of Quality to make the world a Preſent of ſome New Ones, which caſually fell into his hands. The former have been ſo generouſly receiv'd by Perſons of Higheſt Senſe and Underſtanding, that it has juſtly ſtruck him into an apprehenſion, of expoſing theſe to your view: but conſidering that they come from a Woman in the World, whoſe ſtyle is very different from that of a* Cloyſtered NUN, *He imagined the Novelty, and particular ſpiritualneſs of it might be pleaſing enough,*

and poſſibly the LETTERS *may prove ſo agreeable to* Your, *as not to let him any wayes ſuffer in* Your *favours, for having thus publickly committed them to* Your *Cenſure.*

ALL the buſineſs now lies, whether I have acquitted my ſelf as I ought, and given the peculiar graces in the FRENCH *Languag their due Juſtice in Ours: I dare no ſay any thing as to this Point by wa of ſelf-commendation: that would b a vanity altogether as extravagan and abſurd, as it would be to littl purpoſe: however, I will ventur thus far, to tell you I have laid ou my utmoſt Efforts to make this Se*cond Part *ſpeak as like the forme as I could; and where I have m with reſembling Phraſes and Idiom I have made bold to turn Plagiar and repeat the ſame words in* Eng*liſh. I wiſh for my own Felicit as well as* Yours, *that the ſame I comparable Wit and Pen had pe formed both parts; it would ha*

be

been a great advance to the Credit and Reputation of it, beyond what it is likely to get from ſuch an Inferiour hand as Mine: I am ſure I had no Ambition to ſtand in equal Ballance with him from the Attempt, but ſhould think it highly ſufficient for Me, were I to have the Honour of being accounted a true and humble Imitator of ſo correct a Copy.

Farewel.

THE FIRST LETTER.

SURE it hath been a great untruth I have heard: for, methinks, it ſhould be impoſſible for You to be ſo much as one moment angry with me; and eſpecially, after thoſe many kind and indearing expreſſions You have made me. What! Can my Loving You with the moſt tender, ſoft, and melting Paſſion in the world, ſuch as never yet was known in Woman, give you any diſcompoſure, or ſo much as raiſe in You a melancholy thought! Oh! what dreadful ſtings ſhould I feel within me, were I but capable of the

leaſt Infidelity to You, that are my Joy, my Life, my All! --- If You can charge me with any thing, it is with an Exceſs of Affection for You; That, I confeſs, I am guilty of, which makes me that I cannot as yet forgive your anger. But why ſhould that occaſion any remorſe? have I not had reaſon enough to complain? I dare ſay, Your own Paſſion would make You be offended with me, if I were able, without a murmur, to ſee You forgetful of your former kindneſſes. Juſt Heavens! How am I continually reproaching my ſelf, becauſe this ſilly heart has not power enough to diſcover to You, as it ought, its ſtrong and vigorous impulſes, when I find You ſo reſolved to conceal from me the ſecret beats and throbbings of your own.

If at any time my Regards are too languiſhing, they ſeem to ſerve then only to feed my tenderneſs, and,

and, like mercileſs Thieves, to rob me of my greateſt delights, my higheſt Tranſports and Ecſtaſies: if, on the other hand, they are too quick and ſprightly, how does my former languiſhing check me, and make me the ſame reproach! And let me do what ever I can, or will, I am ſtill uneaſie to my ſelf, and can find no quiet. I have all the extravagant actions of a crazed woman, and do believe, if you keep but the leaſt trifle reſerved from me, that I can never chide you enough for it. Ah! Such a cruel Act has been even hell and torments to me; and I am ſure, could You but have ſeen the infinite diſtracting thoughts that then have come into my head, I ſhould, at the leaſt, have made you pity me.

But this is the ſad effect of an o'refond Curioſity, and I ought to ſuffer for my folly. What have I to do with myſteries, and things

that are foreign to me? Why ſhould I be ſo tooliſhly deſirous to ſearch into the bottom of a heart, where, perhaps, I might find nothing but a cold indifference, nay, and it may be too, Infidelity? Or who knows but it may be ſome particular point of Honour which may cauſe this Reſerve in You, and therefore You may think I am extremely obliged to You for it into the Bargain. But (alas!) I fear you believe, it would quite break my heart, ſhould I fully underſtand how ſmall and poor an eſteem you have for me, and that is the reaſon why you are reſolv'd to diſſemble your real thoughts from me, in meer pity and compaſſion to my frailty.--- Cruel, Dear man! Why were You not as merciful when we firſt began our acquaintance, and why did you not then ſhew your ſelf in your own true colours, and appear the ſame perſon You do now? A thou-

ſand

ſand to one but my heart at that time would have taken the ſame meaſures with Yours, and we ſhould neither of us have cauſe now for any complaint. But You were reſolved not to diſcover how faint and hollow your paſſion was for me, until you were ſure I loved You even to the next degree of running mad for you.

But however, I perceive it is not your natural temper that makes you ſo reſerved: You could fly out yeſternight, I found ſo to my coſt. But, ah! You can only be touched with the tranſports of anger, and your paſſion, if it be not violent and injurious, dwindles ſtraight into inſenſibility. Ungrateful Creature! of what a ſtrange kind of ill compoſition has Love made you; why may not that ill-natur'd diſpoſition of yours be correſpondent to the extravagance of mine? and why muſt not thoſe precipitous ways you take,

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tend to the furtherance and improvement of the bleſſed moments of our Felicity? If any did but ſee how furious and haſty you are to get out of my Chamber, when the madneſs of your Paſſion drives you, who would ſay it were poſſible for you to be ſlow and backward in coming in again, when Love gives you the pleaſurable invitation? But, I muſt confeſs, I do deſerve this Uſage at your hands, for my preſuming to preſcribe to you the Methods you ought to take; as if I were as wiſe as you. Is it fit for any one to offer to give You Laws, who have their thoughts and hearts continually poring on You, as I have Mine? Certainly no, but I cannot help it;--- however excuſe me and take your own courſe: --- yet, is not this a great inſtance of the higheſt tenderneſs? no, it is all wild and inconſiderate folly, and you have done very well in ſo ſeverely puniſhing

niſhing me for it: For what have I to do to think of being Miſtreſs of any of your motions? Alas! I could bluſh to death with ſhame for what I have already done; but you do perfectly underſtand how ſuch a kind of crime ought to be retaliated.

Do you remember any thing of yeſternights carriage, how mild and calm your temper was, when you offered me your ſervice to aſſiſt me, that I might never more ſet eyes on You ſo long as I lived; and were you able to tender me ſuch an ungenerous remedy, or (to ſpeak more properly) could you fancy that I had ſo little kindneſs for you, as to accept it? For it would a great deal ſooner break my heart, Loving you, as I do, near to deſperation, to ſee my ſelf, though falſely, but ſuſpected of a crime, than if I ſaw you in deliberation actually commit one; for I am infinitely more jealous of my

my own paſſion, than I am of yours, and I could ten thouſand times more eaſily pardon an Infidelity in you, than I could forgive my ſelf the poſſibility of being lyable to fall under the ſuſpicion of it my ſelf. Yes, if I am but ſatisfied of my own Integrity, I can excuſe You in any thing you would have me. I value my ſelf ſo much on the tenderneſs of my affection to you, and, methinks, the great eſteem I bear you, has in it ſo much conſiderableneſs and honour, that I know not any thing can be a greater crime in the world, than to leave you the leaſt ſhadow of a reaſon to doubt it.

But how is it poſſible for you to make a doubt of it? does not every thing perſuade you to believe it, as well in your own heart, as in mine? there is not the leaſt negligence in You, but what tells you that I love you almoſt to Adoration. Love has ſo well inſtructed me in the

the Art of turning all things to my advantage, that I could even dare you to give in your own Verdict, whether the most cautious and reserved of all my endearments, does not absolutely convince you of the excess of my passion.---- Have you never taken notice of this from my obliging temper? how many times more than once and again have I kept in the transports and ecstasies of my Joy, when you have come to see me, because, methoughts, I read in your eyes that you wished I would use more moderation. You have been very much injurious to me, if you have not observed my constraint herein over and over; for that has gone more to my heart, than any thing I ever did for You in all my life.

But yet, I say nothing to you by way of reproach; what matters it, whether I am perfectly happy or no, so long as that which

is

is wanting to make up my Felicity compleat, gives an acceſſion to yours? If you were more ſollicitous and importune, I ſhould have the pleaſurable vanity to fancy I were ſo much the more beloved by you; but then, you would not be well pleas'd to have it ſo. You would think, perhaps, I were indebted to you for your kindneſs; and I pride my ſelf in this, that I am ſure you owe all to my inclination: Therefore do not any longer offer to abuſe ſuch a Generoſity of Love, nor do not go about to contrive how you may divert it, even to deſtroy abſolutely that more than little remainder of affection I yet have for you:- but, on the contrary, take example by me, and be you generous in your turn. Let me ſee you come, and proteſt to me, that the diſ-intereſt of my tenderneſs increaſes yours; that I hazard nothing even then when I really believe

lieve I hazard all, and that you are as Passionate, and as Faithful, as I am Passionately and Faithfully Yours.

The End of the First Letter.

THE SECOND.

LETTER.

WITHOUT any flourriſh upon the matter, you muſt needs pardon me if I tell you that the Lady you were with yeſter-evening was not at all handſome, and ſhe danced after ſuch an aukward and unbecoming manner, that I proteſt the ſight gave me a very great diſturbance: her motions were all irregular, and then her Air, oh! ſo ſtrangely odd and ridicule, as was beyond all ſufferance. The Count *de Cugne* ſure had a mind to ſhew himſelf pleaſant, or elſe was exceedingly miſtaken, in his Character

cter of her to me, for a very Lovely and Beautiful perſon, when there is ſcarce a tolerable Feature in all her face. How could you have the patience to hold ſo long a diſcourſe with her? For I am confident, by the remarks I made of her Countenance, that ſhe can have no wit. But what tho'? She was well enough to pleaſe your humour, and you thought it worth your while to take up with her company moſt of the time that the Ball laſted: Nay, You had alſo the Aſſurance to tell me, that you thought her Converſation was no ways amiſs. Pray now, what did ſhe ſay that charm'd you ſo? Did ſhe acquaint you with the Intrigue of ſome *FRENCH* Lady that you had a Paſſion for; or was ſhe ſo Frank as to make an ingenuous break, and tell you, that in truth ſhe was the Fair One who admired you moſt wondrouſly? For ſure nothing under the delightful

Theme

Theme of Love could give you the patience to hold out with her ſo tedious and wearifon a Converſation.

For my heart I cannot find any thing ſo agreeable and pleaſant in the New-arrived *French*-men; I am ſure I was peſter'd with 'em all the evening, and could find nothing in all their pretended fine pieces of Gallantry, but meer empty froth and tittle-tattle: and then the addreſs wherewith they managed their diſcourſes was with ſuch affected and extravagant grimaces, that ſeriouſly for my part, I thought them only fit company for Fools and Mad-folks: and if the truth could be known, I believe it was their Idle impertinences which gave me that dreadful fit of the head-ach I had all night long; --- but you would not know I ailed any thing, if I did not tell you ſo.

I do ſuppoſe your Country-men are gone to be informed how that happy Lady finds her ſelf this Morning, after the terrible *Fatigue* ſhe had yeſter-night; for as I am a living creature I ſhould think you gave her Dancing enough to put her into a Feaver.

But with your favour, pray tell me, what is't you ſee about her that ſo ſtrangely captivates you? Do you think her more tender in her affections, and more faithful than any other of her Sex? or have you found in her a more preſent inclination to give you her good wiſhes, than that which I have manifeſted to you? I am confident you have not, for that, I think, is impoſſible; you know as well as my ſelf, that I did but only ſee you paſs by as I ſtood in the *Balcony*, and from that inſtant I loſt all the eaſe and quiet of my life; and I preſently was ſenſible of ſuch an alteration in me, as made me ut-

terly

terly to forget either my Sex, or my Birth; for with an extream impatience did I run to meet the Occaſion of ſeeing you a ſecond time. If ſhe hath done more than this, ſhe muſt certainly be to attend your riſing this morning, and the little *Durimo* will without doubt find her ſitting cloſe by your pillow. I wiſh with all my heart ſhe may ſo for your own felicity, for I am ſo ſtrange a Lover of any thing that may be pleaſing to you, that I could be content to ſpend my whole life in ſo grateful a Service, although it were at the expence of all my own peace and happineſs: And if you have but the leaſt Inclination to entertain that Fair Object of your deſires and Vows with the reading of my Letter, I beſeech you do not make the leaſt ſcruple of it, it is a Sacrifice abſolutely at your diſpoſal, to uſe as You think fitting, therefore do't and welcome; you ſhall pleaſe me by

by it, if you do but pleaſe your ſelf, what I write to you will not at all prejudice your Love-affairs, perhaps it may advance them.

I am not altogether a ſtranger in this Kingdom, my name is known by thoſe who have beſtow'd their Compliments upon me for being no deſpicable Beauty, and indeed I have ſwallowed their Flattery, and brought my ſelf into a Fancy that I might make ſome pretenſions to a good Face, until the moment of your contemptuous rejection diſabus'd me.

Propoſe me therefore for an example to your new Conqueſt, tell her that I love you even to the degree of being little better than out of my wits for you, I'll joyn with you in it heartily, ſo it may do you any real ſervice; for I had a thouſand times rather contribute to my own ruine by an ingenuous Confeſſion, than deny a paſſion that

that is ſo dear and precious to me. Yes, I love you ten thouſand times more than my own Soul; nay, at this very inſtant I am writing to you, I will, and muſt acknowledg, I am jealous. Your yeſternights Carriage hath ſet my heart all on Fire; and now I do believe you are unfaithful, ſince, I find, I muſt tell you all. But notwithſtanding all your indifference, I love you beyond what any mortal Woman yet has ever loved Man, though he has proved himſelf faithful, as Saints are to their Holy Service. I hate the *Marquis de Furtado* mortally, becauſe he was the occaſion of your ſeeing this New-come ſo Raviſhing a Beauty to you: I wiſh with all my Soul that the Marchioneſs *de Caſtro* had been going to her grave, when ſhe was led to the Altar; for it is from that ſolemnity that I muſt date all the unexpreſſible miſeries I have indured, and ſtill am ſenſible of:

I could wiſh that man in eternal Purgatory who firſt invented Dancing; nay more, I loath my own ſelf, and I abhor the *French* Lady a thouſand times more than all the world beſide.

But no body has had ſo many different Averſions, and yet can ſay, what I may with a ſafe Conſcience dare to ſpeak, and that is, that not any of them has preſumed to reach ſo far as You; You, in the midſt of them all, did ever appear Amiable and Lovely to my eyes. Under whatſoever form I look'd upon you, nay, though it was at the feet of that Cruel Rival, who has been the deſtroyer of all my Felicity, I found a thouſand dazling Charms in You, to which in any other perſon but your ſelf I ſhould have been for ever blind. Nay further, I was ſo immeaſurably beſotted, that I could not check and keep in thoſe my delightful tranſports, when I perceived you took

took notice of them as well as my ſelf; and though I am verily perſuaded, that it is chiefly to that good opinion You have of your ſelf to which I am indebted for the loſing of your heart, yet I had a great deal rather ſee my ſelf condemned to all the dreadful torments of deſpair, than I would ſo much as deſire you one ſingle commendation leſs than what the Ladies give you. O let 'em go on ſtill, and admire you more and more, my admiration will improve proportionably.

But (alas!) how is it poſſible for Love to grant ſo many contrarieties? for I am moſt ſure of this, that never was any Creature breathing touched with greater Jealouſie at every thing that comes near you, than my ſelf; and yet for all that, I would go on my bare feet to the worlds end to ſeek you out new Admirers.

I hate that *French* woman ſo deſperately, that in my Conſcience I could be the cruelleſt Creature upon earth in deſtroying her, and yet notwithſtanding ſuch an extreme averſion, I could with all my Soul wiſh her the Felicity of your utmoſt affection, if I thought in the leaſt ſuch a Love could give any acceſſion to the happineſs you now enjoy, becauſe I am ſo paſſionate a Lover of your ſatisfaction. Oh! methinks I am raiſed to the height of all humane bleſſedneſs, if at any time I ſee you but pleaſed; and if the Sacrifice of all the delight of my life were but capable of procuring the leaſt addition to yours, you ſhould find me never deliberate about the buſineſs. Why cannot you ſay ſo much as this comes to for me? Ah! if you lov'd me with the ſame ardour as I do even adore you, how great would both our happineſſes be! Your Felicity would make up mine, and

your

your own too would by that means become more perfect.

There is not a Soul in all the world ſo filled with Love, as mine is to you: None knows how to value You at the rate that I do, for I could ſuffer a thouſand deaths to bring you any quiet and content. If you were able to make your pretenſions to any other, now you have been ſo long uſed to my tender and uncommon ways of obliging you, I am ſure, imagine what you will, you could not be truly happy but with me. I know other Women's kindneſſes by the Standard of my own, and though they may make never ſo plauſible a ſhew of their fondneſs and affection to you, yet I am too well convinced, that Love has only brought me into the world to be the perſon that muſt abſolutely doat upon You. Alas! what would become of your moroſe and unpleaſant temper, if it were not

for my eaſie heart that will comply with it? I fancy there is Rhetorick in the worſt of your looks, and, methinks too, I underſtand it plainly: but do you believe that any Woman elſe would play the Fool for your ſake like me? No, no, it is ridiculous to think it, as it is impoſſible to be done: For 'tis only We two that know how to Love well. We ſhould both of us have broke our hearts long before this time, if our Souls had not been of one and the ſame compoſition. Sure now I ſpeak a truth that you'l conſent to: but I know not how to go on any further;--- think the reſt, and be you but happy, no matter what becomes of me.

Farewel.

The End of the Second Letter.

THE THIRD

LETTER.

WHAT! and will you be always abſent from me? ſhall this day paſs away too, and will you not reſolve to come back to *Lisbon*? Pray, conſider with your ſelf, and think how long you have been gone; is not two whole days a tedious while with you? I am ſure they ſeem an Age to me: but for my part, I'me apt to believe you have a mind to find me dead at your return, and fit for you to pay me your laſt duty, in attending me to my grave. Alas! You do but ſmother the reality of the buſineſs, and your pretenſions

are only as a blind to my frailty. Your deſign was not ſo much to wait upon the King to ſee his Ships, when you left the Court, as it was to defend your ſelf from an incommode and troubleſome Miſtreſs. I muſt confeſs, I am ſo, even to the laſt degree; for what ſhould I do elſe but tell it you, ſince that you too well know it already?

I am neither rightly pleas'd with you, nor with my ſelf long. If you are abſent from me but one four and twenty hours, it is as bad as death to me: and what ſome other woman, perhaps, would look upon as an exceſs of felicity, I can ſcarcely make it out to be tolerable: ſometimes I am apt to fancy, that you have no happineſs your ſelf, another time I find you ſo full, that I'm afraid I am not the only perſon that cauſes it: and, to deal frankly with you, not any of my higheſt tranſports and ecſtaſies, but what give me cruel diſ-

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pleaſures, if I perceive you do not take notice of them ſufficiently. Whatſoever diſturbs you, e'en puts me out of my wits: Oh, I would fain ſee you all confined within your ſelf; that I took up all your thoughts, and influenced all your motions! Examine the inſuperable friendſhip I bear you, and do not make any Sallies, unleſs you intend to plunge me into deepeſt deſperation.

I will own to you that I am not wiſe, but the reaſon why I am not, is, becauſe I am ſo much in Love. *I* know very well it would be but reaſon and prudence in me to ſit down and be quiet, now *I* am writing to you, for you are but two miles off from the town, and it is your duty retains you there; my Brother has been ſo extreme ill ever ſince you have been gone, that *I* could have ſcarce found ſo much time as to receive a viſit from you: beſides, there are no Ladies where

you are, and that ought to be no mean ſatisfaction to my heart. But (alas!) there are a thouſand other thoughts in my head that do almoſt diſtract me; ſo true it is, that a Woman, when ſhe loves to that violent degree that *I* do, creates to her ſelf Torments out of every thing. Thoſe Arms, thoſe Ships, that preparation for war, all things conſpire to make you diſreliſh the peaceable delights of Love.

Perhaps, at this very inſtant you are thinking on the moment of our Separation, as a moſt certain and inevitable Calamity, and therefore now you are beginning to awaken all the forces of your reaſon and Philoſophy, to perſuade your heart to reſolve on it. Ah! the ſight of the moſt raviſhing Beauties in all *Europe* would not be ſo dreadfully fatal to me, as that of your *Canons*, if it be true, that they can have ſuch an influence over

over you. Not that ever I would go about to keep you from your duty, for I love your Honour and Reputation a great deal more than my own life, and I cannot but think you were born for a more glorious fortune, than to paſs away all your days in idle eaſe with me: but however, I could wiſh, this ſad neceſſity would give you as great a horror as it does me: that you were not able to think on it without a bitter apprehenſion; and how unavoidable ſoever ſuch a ſeparation muſt ſeem to you, that yet you would think it was beyond the power of weak humanity to ſupport, and not die under the ſhock.

But, my deareſt Bliſs! let me beg of you not to accuſe me, though I do ſay all this, and fancy that I ſhould be extreme well ſatisfied to ſee you under any deſpair: you ſhould never pour out a tear, but what I would with all my ſoul dry up,

up, and ſhed ten thouſand for it. I ſhould be the firſt that would deſire you with courage to bear the Oppreſſion, though, at the ſame time, I think it would rob me of my life, through the exceſſive violence of my ſorrow; nor ſhould I be able to take any Joy in that I was ever born, if I did really believe my abſence would deprive you of the leaſt conſolation.

What is it I would have then? truly I cannot tell; but this I am reſolved I will do, Love you all my life even to Adoration; and I will wiſh, if it be poſſible, that you would love me as much. But one cannot wiſh for all this, without being of conſequence one of the greateſt Fools in nature: but however, do not you be diſguſted at this my folly, for I had never been capable of ſo much extravagance, had it not been for your ſake; and yet, if you will believe me, I would not change it for all the

moſt

moſt ſolid wiſdom that ever yet was found in Woman, if it could not be gained without obliging me to Love you leſs than now I do. I have met with a thouſand charms in your wit,& you ſometimes have been ſo kind to tell me, that you have found as many in mine. But I could heartily diſpenſe with ſeeing thoſe things in us both, for that would hinder the progreſs of our folly.'Tis only Love that ought to have dominion over all the powers of our Souls. All that is within us ſeems to be made for that end; and provided that be ſatisfied, I am very indifferent how much my Reaſon complains.

Have you been of this Opinion ſince I ſaw you laſt? Oh! I tremble with fear, leſt you ſhould ſtill have your mind in perfect freedom: But yet, how is it poſſible that there ſhould be any left you, when all the diſcourſe here is of a War, which is (Oh cruel Stars!)

to part you from me? No, for certainly you are never able to be ſo perfidious. You have not ſo much as ſeen a poor common Souldier, but he has fetch'd a ſigh from you, and doubtleſs then, I ſhall have the pleaſure to hear you ſay at your return, that you have done more for me, who have loved you beyond all manner of expreſſion. As for my part, I will aſſure you, there is none ſhall mention me to you, that ſhall be able to accuſe me of any ſuch defect: I am continually uttering ſuch extravagancies, that all who hear me are abſolutely at a *Non-plus*; and if my Brother's diſtemper did not a little ſeem to bear me out in theſe kind of Frantick diſcourſes, the ſervants of the houſe would really conclude I had quite loſt my ſenſes: I muſt ingenuouſly own, I am not very much in them: you may be able to judge what diſorder my mind is in, by the irregularity of this Letter. But

But I cannot help it, and, in truth, I think, you ought to wiſh no leſs; if you would be fully ſatisfied of the greatneſs of my affection. The ruines your abſence has brought upon my face, ſhould appear more lovely and grateful in your eyes, than if I had the freſheſt colour, and moſt beautiful Complexion in the world; and I ſhould think but very ill of my ſelf, if after I have been deprived of your ſight for the tedious ſpace of three whole days, the Air of my Countenance ſhould not be ſtrangely altered for the worſe: nay, I am apt to believe I ſhould be ſo angry, as that I ſhould never be able to forgive my ſelf for it as long as I live. But what will become of me, if I ſhall be forced to loſe it for ſix months together? But why ſhould I talk thus? Alas! there's none ſhall perceive any change in me then, for I will dye whenever I am ſeparated from you for

for ſo long a time, and then will give you my laſt and ſorrowful farewell.

But hold, I fancy I hear a rattling in the Streets, and my heart would have me to believe it is only the noiſe of your return that makes it. Ah heavens! I can ſay no more; if it be You, Dear You, that are arrived! --- But if I cannot ſee you come back, I'll dye through my diſtraction and impatience: for now I feel my pulſe to beat ſo high, that if the hopes I have conceived of your arrival be not at laſt ſatisfied with the bleſſed viſion of you, I'm ſure I have not many moments more to live.

The End of the Third Letter.

THE FOURTH LETTER.

AND what! will you always be thus cold and languiſhing? ſhall nothing be able to trouble your repoſe? Sure I might find out ſomething that would be powerful enough to move you: what think you, if I ſhould throw my ſelf into the Arms of a Beloved Rival, and you in preſence, would not that do the buſineſs? I thought I had been capable to put you into an apprehenſion by dealing otherwiſe with you, and that I ſhould not ſtand in need of this laſt effect of Inconſtancy, which notwithſtanding, I am almoſt confident my

my Love will never let me put in practice. When I was in the Walks, I received the Duke of *Almeyda*'s hand, after his first civility of Saluting mine. I was extremely pleas'd with his sitting next to me all the Supper-time: I looked upon him with the most soft and passionate regards I could for my life throughout the whole repast, and which I am fully persuaded you could not but take notice of; and every now and then I was whispering one silly thing or other in his Ear, which you perhaps, might imagine to be some notable business, and wonder too how I had the assurance to do so; and yet for all this, I could not for my soul make you in the least change your Countenance. Ungrateful man! Cruel Creature! how is it possible for you to be thus inhumane, as to have so small a kindness for a person that has so great a passion for you!

What,

What, let me ſeriouſly interrogate you, have not my fond cares, my indearing favours, nor my faithfulneſs ſo much as deſerved one minutes Jealouſie from you? Can I be ſo little thought of, and valued by him, who is far more dear and precious to me than my moſt ſweet repoſe, nay, than my deareſt honour? and can he be ſo diſ-regardful as to ſee me ruine my ſelf without the leaſt paſſionate concern and horrour? Alas! the leaſt ſhadow of yours ſets all my Joints a trembling: You cannot once caſt your eyes upon any other Woman, but I am immediately ſtruck with deadly Convulſions; Nay, if you offer to give me your reaſons for but the ſmalleſt and moſt common action of civility, as put the caſe, but to lend a Lady your hand over the Kennel, I am for all that day like a Diſtracted Creature, raving under the higheſt extremities of deſpair: and

yet

yet you can ſee me keep up a Converſation with another for a whole evening together before your face, without ſhewing the leaſt regret or diſturbance in the world.

Ah! You have never loved me, I am ſure on't, for I know very well what it is to love, and can never believe that any thing ſo plainly oppoſite to the paſſion I have for you can be called by that moſt Sacred name. What would I do to puniſh this ungrateful coldneſs and indifference which you are ſo guilty of! Sometimes my Rage and madneſs does ſo tranſport me, that I could wiſh with all my Soul I were able to fall in love with ſome one elſe. But how vain and extravagant is ſuch a wiſh, when in the very height of all my indignation, I can ſee nothing amiable in this world but you! Yeſterday, when your lukewarmneſs made you loſe a thouſand charms, which at other times I could diſcern in you,

you, yet for my life I could not forbear admiring all your wayes; methoughts your very diſdains had in 'em an *I know not what* of greatneſs and Majeſty, that was expreſſive of the Character of your Soul, and it was only of you I whiſper'd, when I inclined to the Duke, and laid my head laſt night ſo cloſe to his: ſo little (alas!) do I know how to offend, although, perhaps, I may have the faireſt Opportunities for it that heart can poſſibly deſire.

I fancy it would moſt ſtrangely pleaſe me, if I could ſee you do but any thing that would furniſh me with a pretence of giving you ſome publick affront; but again, now I think on't, how ſhould I be able to do ſuch a thing? my very Choler is only an exceſs of Love; and at the ſame time when I am moſt inraged againſt you for your great tranquillity and repoſe, I imagine I could find out a thouſand

ſand arguments to forbid it me, altho' I did not love you to that high degree of extravagance you know I do. But now my Brother watched us, and the diſcovery of the leaſt deſire you had to ſpeak to me would have ruin'd me for ever: but could not you be jealous, without being taken notice of? I underſtand every motion of your eyes, there is not any alteration in your Countenance at any time, but what I perfectly know the meaning of, though none of the reſt of the company is able to gueſs at them. Alas! I confeſs I find Love in your eyes, but yet not ſuch a Love as was proper for that time; there ſhould have been rage, you ſhould have contradicted me in all I ſaid or did, imagined me ugly, and made your cloſe and vigorous application to ſome other Lady in my preſence; in a word, you ſhould have been jealous, ſince I have given you ſuch apparent reaſons to be ſo. But

But inſtead of theſe Natural effects of a true and perfect Love, you are giving me a thouſand impertinent Compliments, and are loading me even to oppreſſion, with your Hyperboles of praiſes; nay, you your ſelf could lend the hand which I gave to the Duke, whenas, if I had been able to have done ſo by you, and could have given yours to any other Lady, I think it would have ſtruck me with a horror, but little inferiour to that the miſerable feel in the other world.

And I knew the time when you were coming to wiſh me of myhappineſs in having one of the prettieſt and moſt Jantee ſparks of all our Court my Humble Servant. Oh Inſenſible Creature! is it after this manner you love, and are you no otherwiſe beloved by me? That I had been capable of imagining you ſo cold and languid, in your ſeeming hot and zealous affection

fection before I had loved you at this exceſſive rate! But what ſhall one ſay, though it had been poſſible for me to have ſeen all that I do ſee at this day; nay, if I could have diſcerned more, I am ſure I ſhould never have been able to reſiſt the inclination I had to love you; for that was rais'd at firſt to ſo violent a height, that it would have been in vain for me ever to attempt the conquering of it: and when at any time I think on thoſe bleſſed hours of delight which ſo dear a paſſion has procured me, I do not find I am in the leaſt capable to repent of what I have done, or ſuffered for you.

What ſhould I not do, if I were perfectly pleas'd with you, ſince my Love now does ſo tranſport me, when I have the moſt reaſon in the world to pour out all my Fury on you, for being the only cauſe of thoſe many ſad miſeries I have indured? But you are too well

well acquainted with all my different motions: You have ſeen me ſatisfied, and you have ſeen me labouring under grievous diſcontents: ſometimes I have thanked you, and another while I have been telling you how wretched you have made me; and in either temper of angry paſſion, or more pleaſant acknowledgments, you have ſtill obſerved me to be the violenteſt of all women that have ever made the greateſt pretenſions to Love: and ſhall not ſuch an unparallel'd inſtance and Example of kindneſs provoke you to Emulation? Love me, my Dear Inſenſible, try to love me as much as you can, as much as you your ſelf are beloved; ſure this is but reaſonable; ſure it is but as you ought to do. I have taken you to be a man of generoſity, I have heard you ſay you do not love to be indebted for any thing, and will you be indebted to me in

Love? Shall it be known that a weak Woman out-does you in kindneſs? you are not wont eaſily to be o'recome.

The Soul has not any delight it can call true and perfect but what conſiſts in Love: the exceſs of Joy ariſes from the exceſs of Paſſion, and a faint Lukewarmneſs is much more injurious to thoſe perſons that are capable of it, than to thoſe to whom it is ſhewn. Ah! if you had experienced, as I have done, what a true tranſport of Love is to the Soul, how would you envy thoſe that have the pleaſurable delight of feeling it! I would not, even for the gaining of your own heart, be able to have your tranquillity, your eaſe, your unconcernedneſs: I am grown, (I do not bluſh to own it,) jealous of my tranſports, as of the greateſt bleſſing I ever enjoyed in all my life; and, to deal frankly with you, and tell you what is in my heart;

heart; I would rather indure the moſt diſmal condemnation of never ſeeing you more as long as I breath, than I would ſee you without the higheſt ecſtaſie and raviſhment.

The End of the Fourth Letter.

THE FIFTH LETTER.

WHAT was your reaſon, I beſeech you, to write to me in that manner as you did, was it to try how it would go down with me, or did you really believe I was able to love any other? Patience! how mortally does ſuch an injurious thought wound the delicacy of that affection I bear you! I confeſs it, I have often had a more than common paſſion for you, and have lover you to a degree beyond all that ever yet the moſt Paſſionate Woman in the world could pretend to. But for you to believe me

guilty of ſuch a Superlative infidelity, for you to give me ſuch opprobrious and unworthy language, for you to wiſh your ſelf able to perſuade me that I ſhould never ſee you more; theſe are things inſupportable! I have been jealous, 'tis true, and it is impoſſible for any body to have a perfect Love without Jealouſie; but on the other hand, I have never been inſenſible; I have never had you out of my ſight, or memory; but when my rage was moſt violent, I have ſtill remembred you were the perſon whom moſt I have ſuſpected.

Ah! Your Paſſion, I find is made almoſt up with errors and defects, you do very poorly underſtand the ways of Love: None can perceive, or very ſcarcely, that you have any in your heart; for unleſs you ſeriouſly premeditate, and think before-hand what to ſpeak, you are ſo dry and barren in your

your expreſſions, as you little deſerve the name of Love. By your favour, is that heart, which I have ſo dearly purchaſed with the price of my own, that heart which I have (I'll dare to ſay) merited by the infinite number of my tranſports, and the many inſtances of my fidelity, and which you have long ago aſſured me I had the full and abſolute poſſeſſion of; is that heart, I ſay, capable of offending me in ſo egregious a manner? how miſerable is my condition, and how juſt would be my complaints!

Your firſt addreſſes were no better than meer, downright injuries; and all your Applications, when ever you ſuffered them to appear unmask'd, were, not only kickſhawy and formal, (for that I could have bore withal for your ſake with patience enough) but they were open and bare-faced outrages and affronts.--- Go--Ungrateful as you are; I will leave you your ſuſpi-

cions as a puniſhment for your being capable of having any ſuch Frenzies of me. You ought to take ſo much ſatisfaction in believing me tender and Faithful, but to doubt of it ſhould prove the greateſt torment to you: in that caſe I could eaſily cure you, and, to ſay the truth, the liberty of offending you is a thing too impoſſible for my repoſe. But I am reſolved to keep you in an error if I can, for that is both an eſpouſing of my Intereſt, and a revenge too: and if you will believe what I apprehend of the buſineſs, all your Conjectures are moſt juſt, and I the moſt unfaithful of all women breathing.

But as yet I have not ſeen the Man that gives you this troubleſome jealouſie: and that Letter which you would needs have to be mine, I'll aſſure you I never writ one ſyllable of it; there is not any proof in the world, but I can ſubmit

mit my ſelf moſt readily to it without the leaſt concern of fear, if I were but in ſo good a humour to give you that ſatisfaction.--- But why ſhould I? I have had no reaſon for it from You, unleſs you have deſerv'd it for railing ſo heartily againſt me: and certainly you would have cauſe ſufficient to conclude me full out as baſe as you have deſcrib'd me, if your fierce Menaces could frighten me into a ſelf-juſtification. *I ſhall not ſee you more*, You ſay, for you will inſtantly be gone from *Lisbonne*, for fear leſt your unlucky Stars ſhould ſometime or other make you meet me; and you ſwear to be the death of the beſt friend you have, if he ſhould play the fool, and but deſire you to make me one poor trifling viſit, or be the damned *Judas* to betray you into my company. Cruel Man! What harm have you ever received from a ſight of me, that now on the ſuddden 'tis become ſo

insupportable to you? You have never seen any thing in my Face, but what might have been pleasing and delightful enough to you: all my looks, had you but in the least observed them, have been full of a tender passion, ay, and of a most pressing earnestness that you should take notice of it too. And is this such a heinous thing, as to make you leave *Lisbonne* in all haste, that so you might never set eyes of me again? Heavens! Sure some strange Judgment is fallen on me, and I'm become a Monster in Nature, or I should never seem so dreadful a thing to you.

But let me beg your patience a little; if this be all the Reason you can alledge for your going away, in God's name, never stir a foot; for I'll save you the trouble of avoiding me, you shall see, another way that will be full as good, and I'll leave you; for it shall ne'er be said, you met with so importune

and

and troubleſome a Woman, that forced you to quit the Countrey for her. My ſight hath coſt you nothing, unleſs it were your good nature and civility to let me love you; but yours hath put me to the expence of all the honour, and the quiet of my life: and I'll be as Frank with you too on the other hand, and confeſs that many a time it hath made up the moſt perfect delight and joy of it. When I reflect on the ſecret diſturbances that I have felt within me ſometimes, when I have fancied I could diſcern your tread, and the print of your prettly little feet in the walks, what a pleaſant kind of languiſhing has preſently run over all my ſenſes; and ſo likewiſe if at any time I've been ſo happy as to meet your regards: but above all things, oh! the unexpreſſible tranſports of my Soul, when we have had the liberty of but ſo much as a moments converſation!

I wonder in my heart how it was poſſible for me to live before I ſaw you, and, for my part, I know not how I ſhall be able to live, when I muſt never ſee you more. But, in Juſtice, you ought your ſelf to be as ſenſible as I am; I will confeſs, I have lov'd you, but did you not alſo tell me, you had as great an Affection for me? And yet, for all this, you can be the firſt to make the propoſition of never ſeeing me more: The firſt! --- Nay, I'm ſure you muſt have been ſo, or elſe ſo cruel a propoſition had never been ſtarted by me. Well,--- however--- you ſhall be ſatisfied,--- and I will never ſee you more as long as I live. But then it will be no little pleaſure to me to be able to reproach your ingratitude: and my revenge will ſeem to be ſo much the more entire and perfect, as my eyes, and all my ways and actions will confirm my Innocence to you. For it is ſo pure and unſpotted,

ſpotted, and the baſe untruth which has been told you, ſo eaſie to be confuted, that I would deſire no more than one quarter of an hour's diſcourſe with you, to give you a full conviction of your injuſtice to me, which I am confident would make you moſt bitterly regret that ever you had committed it. I muſt confeſs this thought has ſo run in my head, that I have been already two or three times juſt upon the point of coming to you to tell you of it; and I am not able to ſay, whether it will not bring me to you, notwithſtanding all the ſtrugglings I make againſt it, before this day be quite over; for your unworthy dealing with me is violent enough to captivate all my Reaſon.

But I have ſo long pleaſed my ſelf in ſtudying particularly your humour, that now I believe I am throughly acquainted with it, and I know ſuch a raſh carriage of mine would

would vex your very ſoul, and therefore I'll deſiſt. I have evermore obſerved you to uſe a moſt inimitable prudence and diſcretion in all your meaſures; you have been more ſolicitouſly careful of my reputation, than I have been my ſelf; and ſometimes you have been ſo over cautious, ſo ſcrupulouſly nice in your conduct, that I have thought my ſelf the miſerableſt Woman under Heaven for it, and you know have oft-times ſmartly told you of it too. And what would you ſay to me, if I ſhould commit ſome indiſcretion or other, and ſo diſcover the intrigue, and by that means make my ſelf the whole diſcourſe of the Table among perſons of worth and honour? I warrant, you would ſcorn me for it, and never abide me more, and, I'm ſure, could I believe you capable of it, I ſhould dye no other death: for let what will fall out, ſtill I would have you give me.

me (at leaſt) the honour of your eſteem.

Make your complaints, ſpeak all the injurious things you can deviſe of me, betray me how you will, nay, hate me to the death, if it be poſſible, but oh! never give me your contempt and ſcorn. I can live without your love, ſince this love of mine will no longer contribute to your felicity; but I ſhall never be able to live without your eſteem. And I believe it is for that very Reaſon, that I labour under ſuch an Impatience to ſee you: for how is it poſſible that it ſhould be an effect of tenderneſs? I ſhould be a ſtark fool indeed to love a Man that treats me in that unworthy manner which you do.

However, I will put the beſt interpretation I can on your dealing thus with me, and will believe it to be only an exceſs of Paſſion which is the cauſe of it: for you would not be ſo furiouſly tranſ-

ported,

ported, if you were leſs in love--- Ah! if I could but perſuade my ſelf of this truth, how dear to me would all the affronts and outrages be that ever you have done me! But it is not poſſible for me to believe it; no, I will not flatter my ſelf with an errour that I could yet almoſt find in my heart to hug, for it is very pleaſant and agreeable to me: but you are guilty; nay, though you ſhould not be ſo, yet I would not think otherwiſe, that ſo I might ſeverely puniſh you, for having given me the occaſion ſo to think. I will not, I am reſolved, ſtir abroad any where all this day, where you may be likely to ſee me, and therefore let that ſatisfie you, if any thing can. I mean in the afternoon about three a Clock to pay a viſit to the Marchioneſs *de Caſtro*, who is very much indiſpoſed, and there I am ſure you never come, for there are ſome miſunderſtandings between you; after

that

that I will go ſit with my Brother an hour or two, and ſo from his Lodgings to where I am now: I give you this ſhort account of my Travels, becauſe you may the better know how to diſpoſe of your ſelf any where elſe, with Aſſurance that you ſhall not meet with me. In a word, I am reſolved to be as angry as you are, and therefore make the beſt on't, for this is the laſt Letter you are ever like to receive from me.

Farewel.

The End of the Fifth Letter.

THE

THE SIXTH LETTER.

WHAT? is it poſſible that I, my ſelf, ſhould write to you, and you to be the ſelf ſame perſon you were formerly? By what prodigy of Fate have you ſtruck me with the paſſion of Love, without giving me that of Joy and delight? I have ſometimes ſeen you full of your addreſſes, and urgent importunities, as alſo, you cannot deny, but at other times I have found you as full of deſpite and troubleſome impatience. I have read in your eyes thoſe very deſires, which you might always have obſerved I have been ſo particularly touched with in you. Oh! how burning were they, even to make up my whole felicity! I am

as

as tender and as faithful as ever I have been; and yet, methinks, for all this, I reproach my ſelf for being ſo cold and unconcerned. It ſeems you have only put a cheat upon my ſenſes, which has never been able to reach ſo far as my heart. Ah! how dear do thoſe reproaches which you have drawn upon your ſelf coſt me, and how does one days remiſneſs and indifference of yours rob me of all my tranſports!

I cannot imagine what ſecret influence of the Stars it is that does ſo continually inſpire me, but if I am indebted to you for any kindneſs, it is my own Paſſionate Choler that has forced it from you: and I plainly now perceive, there has been more of Artifice and addreſs in all your tender regards than ever of true ſincerity and unfeignedneſs. To be plain with you, this nice delicate way of loving is not always ſo charming and excellent as ſome may conclude. I muſt grant

grant you indeed, that it does temper the violence of our delights and ſatisfactions, but then again, it does likewiſe moſt cruelly imbitter our griefs and troubles. I am perpetually fancying that I ſee you ſtill in the ſame diſtraction which has already given me Millions of deep-fetched ſighs. Oh! my dear! my life! my All! never go about to deceive me in this; your urgent importunities, your great ſubmiſſions are the things which create all my happineſs; but they would alſo awaken all my rage and fury, could I believe I owed them to any thing elſe than the Natural impulſes and motions of your heart.

I hate all your ways that look ſtudied and affected, and am more afraid of them, than of the coldeſt and moſt indifferent temper of all. The outward formal Courtſhip is a meer trap and ſnare to catch groſs, dull, phlegmatick Souls in, but

but one of my particular delicacy cannot be ſurprized ſo. Shall I be frank with you, and tell you all my extravagancies hereupon? It was the yeſterdays exceſs of your paſſion that gave birth to all my Jealouſies and ſuſpicions: you ſeem'd as if you were quite out of your ſenſes, and I ſought for you in every thing juſt the Reverſe to what you appear'd. Oh heavens! what would have become of me, if I had been able to convince you of the leaſt diſſimulation? I am ſo bewitched to you, that I prefer your paſſion, to my fortune, to my honour, nay, to my own life it ſelf: But I could with a great deal more eaſe bear up under the ſolemn aſſurances of your hatred, than ever I could endure the falſe pretences of your love.

'Tis not any thing which is without you that I am ſo taken with; no curious lovely face, ſoft skin, delicate eyes, pretty hands, fine

fine ſhape, juſt mein, janteé air, and the more powerful inſinuations of alluring Rhetorick, are able in the leaſt to affect me; I am for the Strong and Maſculine Sentiments of the Soul; This is a charm that perfectly captivates me, and who indeed has power to reſiſt it? Oh! be you as cold as you pleaſe, negligent to an abſolute diſ-regarding, nay, be light and fickle too, if you can, but never be a diſſembler. Treaſon in the caſe of Love is the higheſt crime that can be committed againſt love: and I would a thouſand times more freely forgive your unfaithfulneſs to me, than I would the pains and induſtry you ſhould take to conceal it from me. You told me yeſternight very great and notable things, and I could with all my ſoul have wiſhed you had been able then to have ſeen your ſelf as I ſaw you. You would, I'm ſure, have found your ſelf to be quite another perſon,

perſon, than what commonly you are. Your Air was far more great than naturally it is: all the world might have ſeen the fierceneſs of your paſſion by the fire of your Eyes, and yet that too made them ſeem a great deal more tender and piercing: I plainly perceived your heart was even up at your mouth, and your Soul ready to fly out at your lips.

Oh! how happy am I that it was not counterfeit! and, let me tell you, I know what you are but too well for my Repoſe, and it is not in my power to know you leſs. The pleaſure to love with all my ſoul is a bleſſing, I will ever own, I hold of you; to you I am only obliged for it, and it is not any longer in your power to raviſh it from me: I am very ſenſible I ſhall, nay, I muſt, always love you in ſpight of my Averſion, and I am ſure likewiſe that I ſhall love you in ſpight of yours. Theſe are dangerous Aſ-

ſurances

ſurances I give you, but no matter, I know you have not a heart to be retained by fear, and indeed I ſhould not take your conqueſt to be very ſure, if I only kept it upon that lock. Though they may be accounted ſomething in friendſhip, yet Common Juſtice-and gratitude are not ſufficient in Love; for there muſt be inclination. There one muſt follow the motions of ones heart, without ever conſulting the dictates of ones Reaſon. The very ſight of what we love exalts our Souls whether we will or no; at leaſt, I'm ſure it does ſo with me.

'Tis not any thing, becauſe I am uſed to ſee you, nor any fear leſt you ſhould be offended if I did not ſee you, that obliges me ſo to covet your ſight; but it is an over-zealous Curioſity which proceeds from the heart without any Art, and without reflection. I many times ſeek you in places, where I

am certain before-hand I ſhall never find you. If you can but as much for me, without doubt the inſtinct of our hearts will ſo order matters, as that they ſhall meet whereſoever they are. I'm forced to ſpend the better part of the day in a place where it is impoſſible you can ever be. But however, let us give up our ſelves abſolutely to our paſſion; let us be guided and influenced by our own deſires; and you will then quickly ſee, that, notwithſtanding our misfortune of not being able to come together, we may not paſs away our time very diſagreeably.

But it is late, I have had very little ſleep for theſe ſeveral nights, and I find my ſelf now ſomewhat drouſie; yet, I think, were I bleſt with your dear company, I could keep my eyes open till morning: and this very thought has perfectly waked me, but I will not go on any further, only bid you Adieu.

The End of the Sixth Letter.

THE SEVENTH and Laſt

LETTER.

I Pray thee, my Dear Soul, if you have any kindneſs for me, let us not any longer keep our Oaths, it coſts us too much to obſerve them, and, if it be poſſible, whatever comes on it, let us ſee one another juſt now. You have ſuſpected me of Infidelity, and you have expreſſed thoſe ſuſpicions to me in a very unworthy and outragious manner, but what of all this? Do you think I can ceaſe my affection to you? No, I love you ſtill more than I do my own Soul, and it is impoſſible for me to live without ſeeing you.

To what end or purpoſe do we ſo voluntarily bring upon our ſelves theſe miſchievous hours of Abſence? Do we need any thing ſo cruel to whet and ſharpen our Paſſion, or have we not enough of them that are unavoidable of themſelves? I am ſure, for my part, I account them too many, and I hope you have the ſame Love, and the ſame reaſon to do ſo too. Come then, and reſtore to my languiſhing Soul all thoſe former delights I have enjoyed, by giving me one half days Converſation with you in liberty. You ſent me word, that you would not ſee me, but only to demand my pardon. Alas! you have no need to implore it, I can forgive you without any ſuch trouble: come therefore,--- although I could oppreſs you with your Injuries; --- but however come, I conjure you to it, for I'll ſay nothing: Nay, I had rather ſee thoſe dear eyes of yours ſhooting out fire

fire againſt me, than I would not ſee them at all. But alas! I ſhould not hazard much, if I ſhould leave that choice to you: for I very well know, I ſhould ſee them full of tenderneſs, and burning with Love; they have already appeared ſo to me this morning, when we were in the Church, and I am ſure they cannot be altered as yet; I ſaw clearly by them how much you were confounded at your Credulity, and fondneſs to believe ſuch things of me; and you likewiſe might have ſeen in mine the aſſurances of your pardon.

But let us no longer talk of theſe things; or if we muſt ſpeak of them, let it be for caution that we commit not the like for the time to come. How can we in the leaſt doubt of our Love, ſince we had never been in the world but for its ſake? I ſhould never have had the heart I now have, if it had not been deſigned wholly to be taken up

with your *Idea*; nor would you have had the ſame Soul you have, if it had not been given you on purpoſe to love me; and heaven would never have made us both ſo capable of love, if it had not been that I ſhould love you as much as you are amiable, and you love me as much as you are beloved. But confeſs to me without any reſerve, (let me beg it of you,) have you felt what I have done, ever ſince we ſeem'd as if we had wiſhed one another all the evil in the world? for I am certain we never did wiſh our ſelves any really, and in good earneſt; we have not had the power to be ſo wicked; the Stars that rule us would not give us that cruel liberty, but ſhow'd, they have had a more commanding Empire over us, than all our fooliſh peeviſhneſs, and extravagancy could pretend to. Bleſs me! how has that forced rage and madneſs been my torment? what violence did

my

my eyes do to themſelves, when ever they ſeem'd to conceal their motions and diſorders from you? and what ſtrange Enemies muſt we be to our ſelves, to be deſirous of a moments miſunderſtanding betwixt us, when the affection is riſen to ſo ſupreme a degree, as ours is to one another! My feet are ready to bring me where I am ſure I muſt meet with you, let me endeavour what I can to the contrary: and my heart, that has got ſo kind a heat of favourable inclinations, upon the very encounter of you, would preſently give you an account of it by my eyes: & when ever I have made any ſtrong reſiſtance againſt it, & were reſolved they ſhould reveal nothing, I have felt ſuch ſecret, piercing ſhootings within, as are impoſſible to be comprehended but by thoſe that have been in the ſame condition with my ſelf. And methinks too, you have had no better fate, I have met

you in places, where I am ſure that only chance, and lucky accident could never have brought you; and if I may intruſt you with all my vanities, I have never obſerved ſo much love and fire in your eyes, as now ſince you have ſo pretended that we ſhould never ſee one another more.

Mercy on our folly! how beſotted are we to give our ſelves all theſe torments and miſeries for nothing! but what did I ſay? rather how well and generouſly have we done, in ſhewing our Souls ſo fully and entirely! Now I am certain I know all the tenderneſs of yours, and ſhould be able to diſtinguiſh all its vigorous and paſſionate impulſes, from thoſe of all the other Souls in the world: But I cannot ſay ſo much of your Choler, or your haughty kind of fierceneſs; for them as yet I do not underſtand. I knew very well you were capable of jealouſie, becauſe you

you loved; but I did not rightly apprehend the Character and way which this paſſion took in your heart; that was perfect riddle and myſtery to me. It would have been a piece of treachery, any longer to have kept me in ſuſpence and doubt of it; and now, methinks, I cannot forbear paying my acknowledgments to your injuſtice, ſince it is that alone which has made ſo important a diſcovery to me. I have wiſhed you jealous, and have found you ſo; but from henceforward, do you renounce your ſuſpicion, as I have renounced my Curioſity. What figure ſoever a lover aſſumes, there is none ſo advantagious for him, as that of a happy Lover.

'Tis a great errour for any body to ſay, that then a Lover is a ſot, and ſtupid, when he is content; thoſe that are not amiable under this form, will be much leſs ſo, I am confident, under any other;

and when they have not wit and ſenſe enough to make their advantage of the Character of a ſatisfied Lover, it is the fault of their heart, and not that of their felicity. Oh! make haſte, and come to confirm my belief of this truth, my dear Soul, and let me not put you to the trouble of reading another Letter from me to beg this bleſſing, for I ſhall write but the ſame thing over again. I ſhould not be ſo ill-natur'd to retard one moment of it by ſuch a tedious Letter as this is, if I did not know that you could not poſſibly ſee me at this inſtant that I am writing to you. Oh! how pleaſurable is it to me to be entertaining you in this way! I am not able to prefer any thing to it, but the greater happineſs of ſeeing you, and diſcourſing with you face to face: there is none ſo ſenſible of the extreme delight I take in writing to you but my ſelf; and you do ſhare in that of ſeeing me.

But

But alas! I cannot enjoy the one but with ſuch a ſcrupulous reſervedneſs, and careful circumſpection, that it almoſt makes me ſtark mad, whereas I can indulge my ſelf in the other, when e're I pleaſe. Now, whilſt all the folks of our houſe are at their repoſe, and poſſibly may think themſelves very happy that they can take it, I am enjoying a happineſs which the moſt ſweet and profoundeſt repoſe in the world is not able to give me. I am writing to you, I am ſpeaking my very Soul to you, ſo that you ought, out of good manners and a grateful civility, to return and anſwer it; it Sacrifices to you its Vigils with its laſt Impatience. Ah! how happy are we, when we love perfectly! and how do I pity thoſe who languiſh in an unactive Idleneſs, where they have abſolute liberty. Good morrow, my dear, the day begins to break, it would have appeared a great deal

deal ſooner than it was wont, if it had but in the leaſt conſulted my impatience: But that is not ſo full of Love as we are, and therefore we ought to forgive its ſluggiſhneſs, and indeavour to deceive it by a few hours of ſleep, that ſo we may find it to be leſs inſupportable. Adieu.

A 954.

THE END.